

SONG FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY,
1862.

BY E. R. S.

Hail! all hail the day,
The bright, glorious day,
When the banner of Freedom unfurl'd:
It was purchased with blood,
And the tall standard stood
As a beacon of light for the world.

CHORUS:

O Freedom—fair Freedom,
Boon of the brave;
Here thy spire rises high,
Like a tower in the sky,
And thy banner forever shall wave.

Praise our noble sires,
Who erected fires
On the altars of justice and peace;
We will cherish the same
Bright and pure holy flame,
And its incense henceforth will increase,

CHORUS:—O Freedom, etc.

There's a sad, sad sound . . .
Which "the wires" take round;
And it comes from fair Liberty's home!
Where disunion has spread,
And the fierce warrior's tread
Fills with sorrow the cottage and dome!

CHORUS:—O Freedom, etc.

Here we'll never swerve,
But, as gold, preserve
The just rights which are manfully given;
While protection's broad fold
We unflinchingly hold,
As bequeathed by our country and heav'n.

CHORUS:—O Freedom, etc.

